#Octransfur 2025

Day 5 - “Storm”
Character: Wanderer (Genshin Impact)

The rumbling of thunder echoes around your apartment, strong rain is pouring onto the roof and dripping onto the many balconies of this complex.

“Well, there goes any plan to go outside...” You let out a defeated sigh, taking off your sling bag and closing the blinds on the windows. You had initially wanted to go out and get your monthly groceries, but it seems the weather just wasn’t on your side today. This storm seemed to have come out of nowhere, as yesterday the forecast was sunny all day long.

Ironic that the one day you decided to wear your necklace with a sun pendant, the sun decided to stay hidden behind this storm.

You sit down on your couch to chill for a bit, turning on the TV to watch some youtube vide-

BREAKING NEWS!

Oh, great... and worrying. Why would a cartoon channel be interrupted by breaking news?

“We interrupt any and all currently broadcasting channels to forward this message, issued directly by our National Atmospheric Services Administration.” Is this about the storm that seems to be on its way?

“This storm is unlike any that humanity has ever recorded. Its eye and the surrounding eyewall is smaller than expected, but the rainbands are twice the size of any storms recorded.”

Your eyes widened a bit, not only did this storm show up out of nowhere, it’s also the first of its kind? In ***history***?!

The news anchor continues, and though their voice is steady, it’s clearly strained. “Citizens are advised to remain indoors and stay away from any windows. The storm’s wind speeds are unpredictable, and-”

Static crackles across the screen. The audio becomes inaudible, the screen flickers once...
Twice...
Then, it cuts to black.
"Oh, come on..." You grab the remote, trying to change the channels... but every single one shows the same black screen with occasional bursts of static.

The static is so frequent, that it takes until you stop switching channels that you realize the lights in your apartment are flickering too.

You stand up from your couch, glancing towards the windows. Even through the closed blinds, you can see just how *dark* it's gotten outside. It's only about noon, which means that it is unnaturally dark at this time of day. You adjust your hoodie, pulling the sleeves down nervously over your hands as the decal of the sun ironically catches a flicker of light from a flash of lightning outside.

The fan was already off, yet the sheer cold from the rain makes your undershirt and hoodie feel like it's doing nothing against the temperature.

The rain that was already quite strong earlier has just gotten stronger, and more chaotic; the drops were pelting against the glass in bursts.

And... you hear something.

A low howl.

But it... wasn't the usual wind howl that you'd hear during storms. This had an air of... something else. It made the strands of hair on your arms rise, as if a faint current of electricity was flowing through the air.

The blinds hanging from the roof slam against the frame of your window as a particularly strong gust of wind seeps through. You instinctively step back from the window, your hands shaking a tiny bit, even through your thick hoodie.

Any doubt you had that this *was* a normal storm has gone out the window, literally, as a loud crack echoes across the room.

You turn toward your balcony. The sliding door is rattling *violently* in its frame, and as you stare through the glass pane of the door, you see something that makes... even *less* sense.

The pitch black darkness outside, it wasn't just the storm anymore.

It's... glowing? There were faint wisps of teal light swirling within the darkness, like ribbons of energy that were twirling through the rain. The wisps pulse with some sort of elemental energy and spin in an almost hypnotic motion, for a moment, you are transfixed by the sight...

But you are snapped out of it by the sound of another loud slam.

This time though, the balcony door's lock couldn't handle it, and it snaps off with a sharp ***click!***
The moment the lock snaps off... the door slams open.

And, the wind rushes in.

But the wind doesn't just blow past you, no... it *surrounds* you. Wrapping around your body as if it was... analyzing, searching, for *something*.

You try to make your way to the balcony door to shut it, but a second gust of wind pushes you back, nearly making you stumble, though the wind also made sure to catch you.

While that's happening, the teal motes of light start to glow, as if communicating with each other. You realize now that you couldn't move your legs, as the wind was holding you gently (yet firmly) in place. After a few seconds, the wisps all glow together, and start to converge, spiraling closer to you until they're brushing against your skin.

Each time the wisps made contact with you, a tingling sensation can be felt where they touched. It wasn't painful or anything, it actually felt like... a bit of *static energy?* It was still enough to make you gasp, as it feels like your arm was being dipped in *electro* energy.

You watch as your skin begins to pale where the static was at its strongest. It was an unnatural type of pale too, one you'd expect more from a **puppet** than a human.

Another wisp brushes your other arm, another is on your neck, then one creeps up to your head.

You couldn't see what was happening, but it feels as if the wisps are tugging gently at the roots of your hair. Your hands weren't up there, but the feeling of it is very similar to someone running fingers through them. WIth each tug, the strands were becoming shorter, the ends reshaping themselves until they barely brushed your ears.

Alongside that, you can both feel, and see, bangs starting to form. They are choppy and uneven as hell as they fall across your forehead, laying on the edge of your vision. The color changes too, a dark, midnight blue spreading from the roots to the tips, making your hair look as dark as the very storm outside.

"What... What is...?" Raising a hand up to the newly formed bangs, you chuckle a little bit out of... Nervousness? Panic? Curiosity? It was hard to tell.

Your face tingles, two of the wisps are purposefully brushing on your cheek, causing your face to shift subtly, not by much, but it gets an air of *sharpness*, made only more obvious as your eyes start to burn. You close them out of instinct, but when you open it, you could tell that your vision was... a bit sharper, which reflects your eyes also looking sharper, settling on making your gaze look *threatening*.

There's a reflection of teal light on a nearby surface, and when your gaze settles over it... you realize with unease that the glow is coming from... ***your*** *eyes.*

Your hands were next, the wind forcing both your hands to open, revealing your palms for the wisps to sit comfortably on. The energy from the wisps spread onto your fingers, compressing them to be more slender, arguably delicate even... but they don't feel any weaker, if anything, it was the exact opposite.

You feel another tingle, up your shoulder this time, but nothing much happens to your actual shoulder, it simply thins out slightly. Your sleeves, however, are being split apart from your shirt. WIth a delicate rip the wind makes the two sleeves start to snake down your arm, the bright white darkening to a dark, indigo-black as the ends wrap around your hands and wrist like bandages, forming fingerless gloves.

Not only that, part of the sleeves that are right on the back of your hands start to harden, the fabric temporarily gaining mass as it forms into metallic plates. After a few seconds, the plates split apart from the sleeves, forming properly and laying comfortably behind your hands.

You instinctively raise your hands to your necklace, maybe to fidget with it out of nervousness, but the moment you touch the pendant, it feels *wrong.* You look down and see that the pendant is warping, thickening as it divides into two.

"Magic or not, these changes are... oddly specific." You mutter, but not with fear in your voice, no... It was definitely one of intrigue. "I wonder..."

The chains mostly flatten, with a few of the gold chains merging into a golden ornament that presses itself just below your collar, hanging like a choker.

The pendant warps and splits again in two. The bottom elongates, the golden material melting and softening into a single golden plume of luxury. The top, however, shifts to a more intricate ornament, round and fancy, with a slot that is clearly meant for *something* to fit into.

The rest of your shirt was laying in limbo, but since your arms are done, the wind moves on to fix it. Your chest tingles as the undershirt tightens against your torso, the faint imprint of lithe muscle you do *not* remember having showing through. The color darkens to match your detached sleeves, and the collar of it crawls up, forming a high turtleneck that hugs your throat, fitting nicely with the newly-formed ornament on your chest.

Your hoodie is next, which was now incredibly oversized by a lot due to your diminishing height. The thick, comfortable cotton and wool starts to thin, turning into silk that flows easily in the wind, which, now that you think about it... *was* making you levitate slightly in the air now. In the middle of the hoodie, a line started to form, slowly splitting it open as the sunny decal on the front fades away, more fitting for the current weather.

The colors separated from one another as your hoodie split in two, the half that had all of its color sucked out of it, is draining into a clean, bright white, reforming into a traditional kimono, while the color was all being collected into an equally loose, cyan tunic, settling in between your newly-formed kimono and bodysuit.

Oddly enough, the wisps seemed to completely ignore the “hood” part of your hoodie-now-kimono. Making it look pretty odd up there, for now.

The wind sneaks under your trousers, and while it doesn’t do anything to it yet, the articles around it were subject to more of the wisp’s tingles. The string that you usually use to tighten your pants thicken, like... **substantially** thicken, until it pops out of your trousers’ garter area and bulges out into a thick obi belt, tying itself, alongside a bit of fabric, into two bows at the front; The remaining bits of the belt fluff up, sprouting into some fancy tassels to match too.

Once your new belt settles, your trousers are eager to catch up. The legs pull up all the way to your mid-thigh, each inch lost converging into a darker tone as it settles on the same indigo-black as before. Bits were folding into each other, intricate details showing up as well, as you realize that these weren’t just shorts, but rather *hakama* shorts.

"Wait a minute..." You knew that some bits of this outfit were familiar, but now that it's this close to completing its changes... your memory snaps back into action.

Japanese-style clothing, or... more accurately for your situation, *Inazuman*-style clothing, one that flows easily in the wind...

"N-No way." You say with a pinch of excitement. Despite how you should probably, no, *definitely* be trying to stop this, you couldn't help but chuckle as a grin starts to tug at your lips. "Am I really..?"

...You were turning into Scaram- or, well, the proper name would be *Wanderer*.

By all means, you should be terrified... but nope, all you feel is a thrill running through your chest.

A former Fatui Harbinger; The one who tried to become a *god*, ending up with him erasing himself off history; And you, *YOU'RE* becoming **him!?**

While you took the time to process that information, you didn't even realize when the wind had already stopped restraining you, it was merely keeping you up in the air. The wisps weren't quite done yet though, as bits of your old outfit had yet to be changed. Like, say, your footwear.

Your white socks are already crawling up your legs on their own, revealing your feet to the cold wind as they start to tighten while going right below your knees. These had many names, *gaiters*, *leg warmers*, either way, beneath the white ones, one that was pitch black formed too, giving it a more layered look.

"...Neat." You say as your eyes follow each change.

This one also extends down to your feet. A strip of fabric acting like a snake, wrapping around your feet and ankles, splitting at each of your toes. Black, toeless *"socks"* as one would call them.

If the rain wasn't so loud, you would have heard this happening, but alas... the raindrops were really doing numbers on the apartment building's windows.

Right past your feet, you look at the floor- which is about a foot away from where you're currently hovering, and see that the glowing wisps were making two sharp, cleanly cut rectangles from your wooden floorboards. There were slight imperfections, but the wind was quick to smoothen the rough wood as it levitates to your sole.

The wisps make quick work of the wooden pieces, as both start to compress, a chunk carving itself off to form grooves at the bottom, making it look more like... those wooden sandals, they have a name too, *geta sandals?* Something similar at least.

You feel both of the black strips of cloth wrapped around your feet vaguely connect with it, as the wisps stop making the sandals levitate and they stay firmly, and comfortably, in place.

Once that is all done, the wisps finally address your hood. It's been sitting unchanged for a bit now, and it's the one part of your outfit that doesn't match... until now.

A wisp pushes into the hood from the inside, making it slide off the back of your neck, slowly detaching itself from the kimono as it loosens and spreads outward, primarily onto your left shoulder too. The fabric shifts and dyes itself blue, matching the kimono and tunic it now rests on. Once it's done draping itself on your shoulder, looking like a neat half-cape, you felt the odd ornament that was just hanging there beforehand reposition itself, sliding along the cape and settling in a more natural, easy-to-reach position, showing off the golden ornament in all its glory as it locks its place with a click.

You reach up to feel the half-cape, running your fingers along the fabric. "This is fucking wild..." Your voice had a bit of an edge to it. Lighter, but sharper, though you didn't really pay any mind to it... or maybe you just didn't notice; The cuss even came out naturally.

You had to admit, staring down at yourself... This was amazing.

In every physical way, you looked just like Wanderer. It was a bit crazy just how much of the small details were present.

All the wisps group together and start to flash again, communicating with each other. The tingling sensations you were feeling with each change is starting to ease, signalling that, physically, you were a perfect copy.

The wind swirls around you, the hum was... gentler; as gentle as the wind can be during a storm, at least...

"Wait... where the fuck-" You stare around you, and you were definitely no longer in your apartment complex. All traces of the storm and your old place were just... gone. Instead, you were staring out at massive trees with leaves that look exotic, bioluminescent shrooms were even glowing faintly in the distance. The architecture nearby was also definitely not one you were familiar with, not where you live at least...

Or... *Lived?*

"How... odd, but also quite interesting..." You murmur, walking closer to the nearby balcony which, unlike the one you were imagining in your head, did not have a broken door or blinds near it.

The only sound you could even hear right now were the sounds of your geta clicking on the polished floor. It was way too well maintained and had this organic quality to it, which *is* the clear Sumerian aesthetic that you now remember, so it makes sense.

You wonder when you were brought here by the wind, though. You had to have been carried somewhat, but you never felt like you were moving, and you definitely would have spotted the transition.

You take a moment to gaze at the surroundings. You were in a pretty tall... academy building? It was next to some big tree, and, not only that, you were on one of the higher floors. You had a clear view onto everyone from down below, *where these puny mortals belong.*

...Uh, alright, odd thoughts aside...

You step back into the room, which, upon a better look, seems to be either a decently sized library, or one person's huge study. There were books and papers all around, and, coincidentally, right next to you was a desk covered in plenty of research notes, written in an ~~unknown~~ script you can now fully read.

A faint glow shines from right next to you, actually, multiple of them. The wisps from earlier seem to have gotten to an agreement as all of them begin to merge together into a bigger, brighter light.

The big, glowing wisp slowly hovers towards you, and you instinctively reach a hand out to grab the entire wisp into your palm. You grin slightly, this... *object* being all too familiar to you.

"It would have been such a shame, losing something *"I"* worked so hard for~" You say with a chuckle, opening your palm to reveal your **Anemo** vision.

You watch as the vision pulses to the beat of... *something* inside of you. Probably your magic, since it wouldn't make sense for it to sync to a heartbeat, considering you don't have a heart.

That thought... doesn't disturb you as much as it sounded like it would.

Puppets don't have much of those organic things that *mortals* rely on.

You scoff, pushing away some odd, irrelevant thoughts back to the depths of your mind, where it would never be reached again.

"Lets make sure I put you in real neatly this time, so you don't fucking fall off." You say, already in the process of sliding in the vision onto the ornament on your shoulder, where it belongs.

It slides perfectly in, and, for good measure, you make sure to use a bit of energy to really seal it in this time, hopefully keeping it there *permanently.*

An odd thought pops into your head when you think of that word. *"Permanent, huh?"* You mutter... a smirk forming on your lips.

"Nothing is ever permanent in this cruel world." You say with a chuckle. "But, I've shown time and time again that I can adapt, unlike these disgusting humans."

A small surge of energy flares through you, making the patterns on your perfect body glow for just a short moment. "Finally." You say, the tone of your voice sounding as cold as ever. "Took long enough."

A name comes up in your mind, why did you think about it? You don't know, but you can tell that it wasn't your name, never was, never will be.

The people around you have given you many names... *Kunikuzuchi*, *The Balladeer*, ***Scaramouche***, By far your most famous one.

But... none of them stuck, none of them adapted to... *you.*

Because you know who you are.

Nahida may have given you this name, and you were fucking irritated that you basically owe her something... but the name stuck, and it was one you carried with, at least, a little bit of pride.

Wanderer.

A smirk tugs at your lips as you shrug off the thought of that damn archon, you can deal with that some other time.

You pick up your hat, which was sitting peacefully on the floor, and bring it up to your head. The weight of it feels comfortable, as the cyan strips of fabric sway while you adjust it into place.

You catch your reflection one last time as you make your way to the balcony. Staring at your sharp eyes, a deep blue framed in red, your signature smirk, and your graceful outfit, perfect down to each minute detail.

The thought lingers in your head. *This has always been you.* But of course it has, who cares about some shitty run-down apartment, or some weirdo who decided to read a story they found online?

You *are* better.

Better than all the weak, predictable humans roaming down in the streets, each one being a miserable excuse of a creature.

You've learned that lesson thrice now, and you're sure never to forget about it.

The Anemo energy responds to your will, your vision glowing as you levitate off the balcony floor.

The wind is yours to command, it always *has* been, and clearly that damn bard is too busy drinking to police his own element.

You have better things to do than waste time on these minuscule concerns though.

After all, you're *The Wanderer.*

And you have the feeling you have somewhere you need to be.